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# *Bobby Goes Riding*

DOROTHY WALTER BARUCH

ESTHER BRANN





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# *Bobby Goes Riding*

By DOROTHY WALTER BARUCH

Pictures by ESTHER BRANN



BOSTON

LOTHROP, LEE AND SHEPARD COMPANY

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# *Bobby Goes Riding*



**B**obby lived in a white house. He had a tall father and a medium tall mother, and a fat big brother, and a thin big sister, and a snub-nosed dog.





And almost all the time one or the other was telling Bobby what to do.



Father would say, "Bobby, go bring me my slippers."  
Mother would say, "Bobby, open that door, will you, please? And pick up those crumbs, and get yourself a drink of water, and take off your sweater, and wash your chin — it has a big black smudge of mud on it."





“Bobby!” big brother would shout. “You leave my ball alone!”

“Bobby,” big sister would smile, “be a darling and get my red bag from on top of the dresser in my room and bring it here to me.”

“Ark, ark, ark,” the dog would bark, as if to say, “Bobby, don’t you touch my bone!”



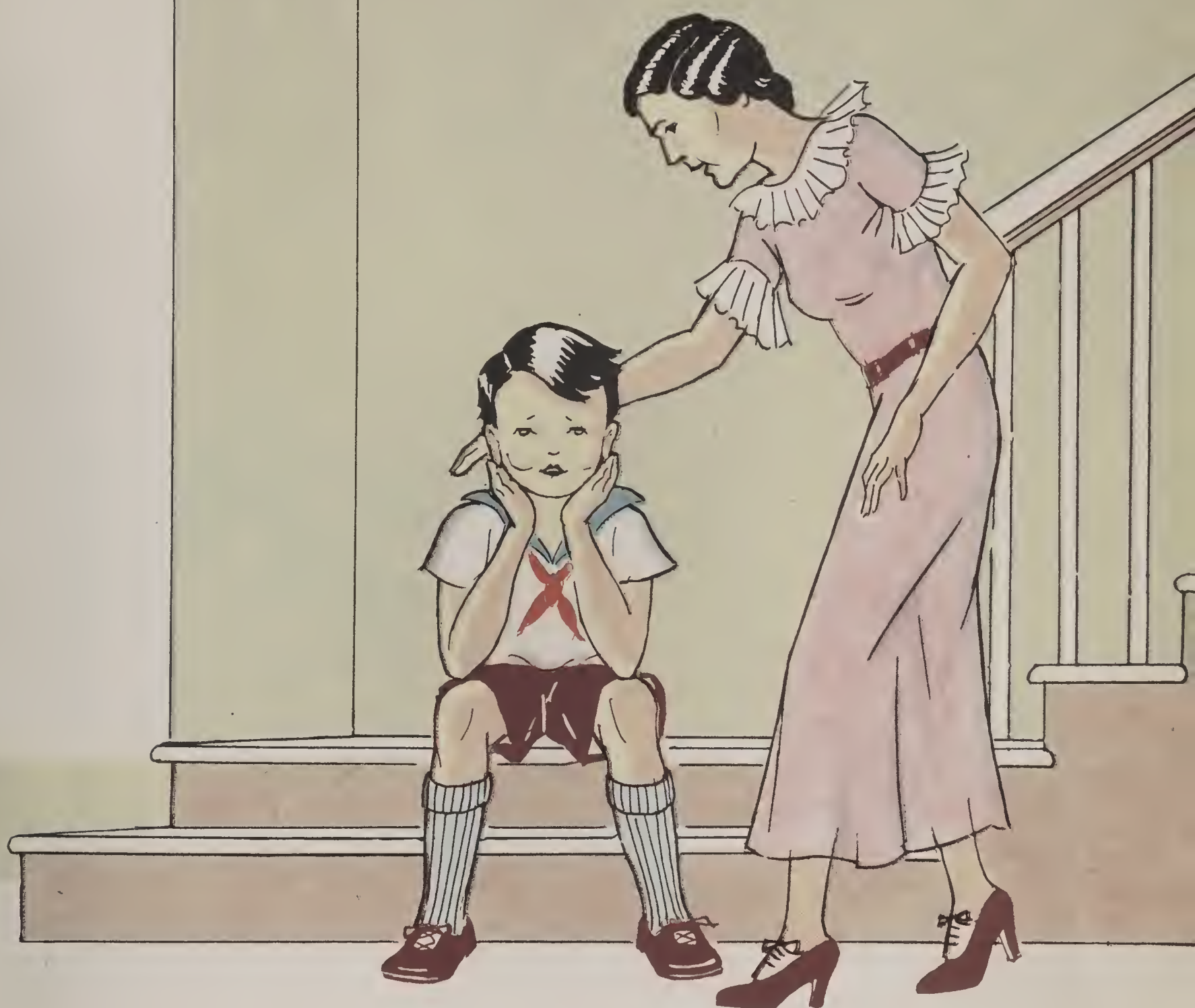
“I never can do what I want,” cried Bobby. “They are always telling me what to do.”

And then, Bobby had an idea. He ought to have a turn telling some one what to do.

“For my birthday, let *me* have a turn to tell some one what to do,” he begged. “For a present, please, I want a turn.”

Father laughed and said, “No, sirree.”





Big brother scowled and said, “You can’t tell me!”

Big sister sniffed, “Nor me, you little dear!”

“Grrff, grrff, grrff,” snorted the dog, as if to say, “don’t expect *me* to mind *you*!”

But mother looked right into Bobby’s eyes. She smiled and said, “All right, Bobby. I will be the one. For a whole day I will do just *anything* you say.”

“Oh, mummy!” whispered Bobby.



The day came.

“Come along with me, please, mother,” said Bobby.

So out of the house they went, Bobby in front and mother following after.

Bobby climbed on to his velocipede.





He pedaled and pedaled, around and around. Up a street, down a street, with mother following after. Around the block and back. "Now," said Bobby, "that's enough." So he made his velocipede STOP. And he climbed off.





Look there!" cried Bobby, for *there* was a red street car jangling toward them.

"I am going to ride on the street car," said Bobby.

So on he climbed, with mother following after.





Up a street, down a street, clickety-clickety-clack,  
clickety-clickety-clack, Bobby rode on the street car.  
Then at last he said, "Now, that's enough."  
So the street car STOPPED. And Bobby climbed off.



“**L**ook! There!” cried Bobby, for *there* was a big yellow bus rolling toward them.

“I am going to ride on that bus,” said Bobby.  
So on he climbed, with mother following after.





Swish-sh, the bus started.

Up a street. Down a street. Up a street.

"Now," said Bobby, "that's enough."

Swish-sh, the bus STOPPED. And Bobby climbed off.





“**L**ook! There!” cried Bobby, for *there* was an orange taxi coming right toward them.

“I am going to ride in that taxi,” said Bobby. So in he climbed, with mother following after.





"Jrrr," went the starter.

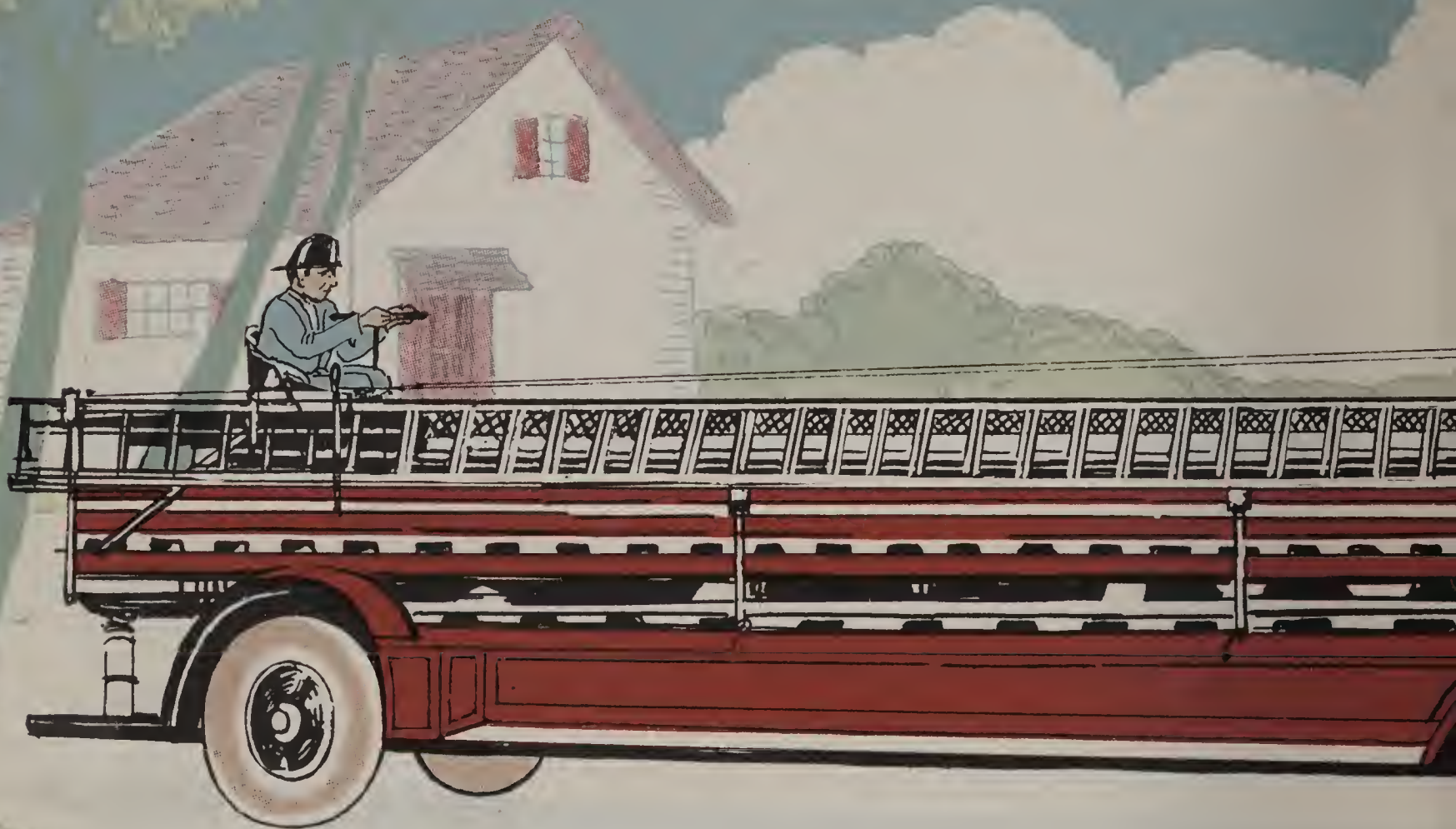
"Tka-tka-tka," went the motor.

Down a street. Up a street. Down a street.

"Now," said Bobby, "that's enough."

So the taxi STOPPED. And Bobby climbed *out*.





“**O** look! Over there!” cried Bobby.  
There, right in front of them,  
was a fire station. Inside, a  
big red fire engine was snort-  
ing and puffing as if it were just ready to go.

“A fire engine!” shouted Bobby. “I am going to ride  
on that!”

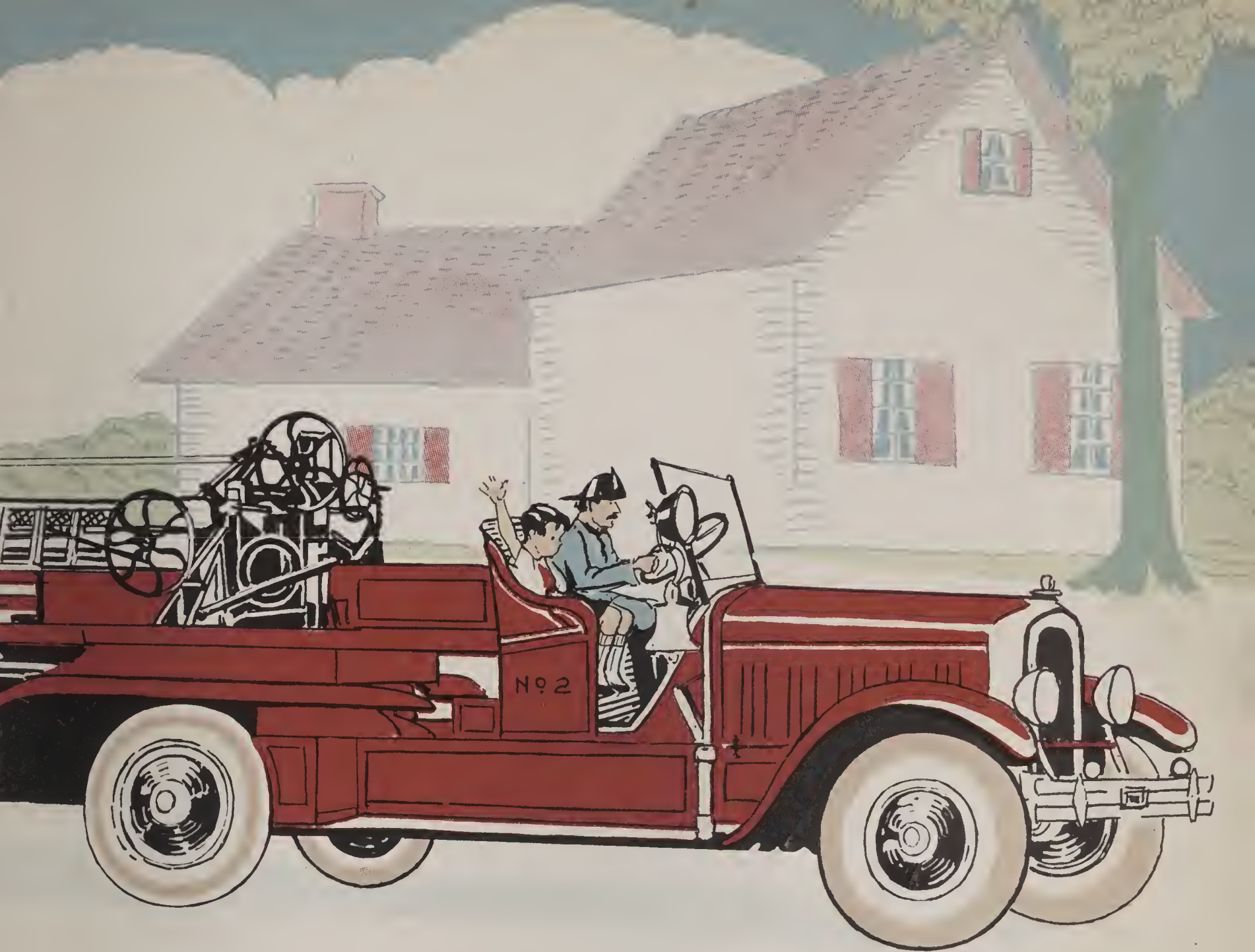
“But, Bobby, . . .” mother said.

Bobby did not hear her. He was asking a fireman if  
he might have a ride.

The fireman grinned. Bobby climbed up.

He waved his hand at his mother. “You wait here,”





he called.

“Zu-weeeeeeee,” howled the siren.

“Wuzzhh,” roared the engine.

And clingedy-clang, the fire engine thundered down the street.

“No fire to-day,” the fireman shouted. “Just a little exercise.”

Up a street. Down a street. And back to the fire house.

“Well,” said Bobby, “I — guess — that is enough.”

So the fire engine STOPPED. And Bobby climbed down.



Bobby looked around. He looked this way. He looked that way.

"There! See there!" Bobby cried, for *there* a great brown truck was standing at the curb.

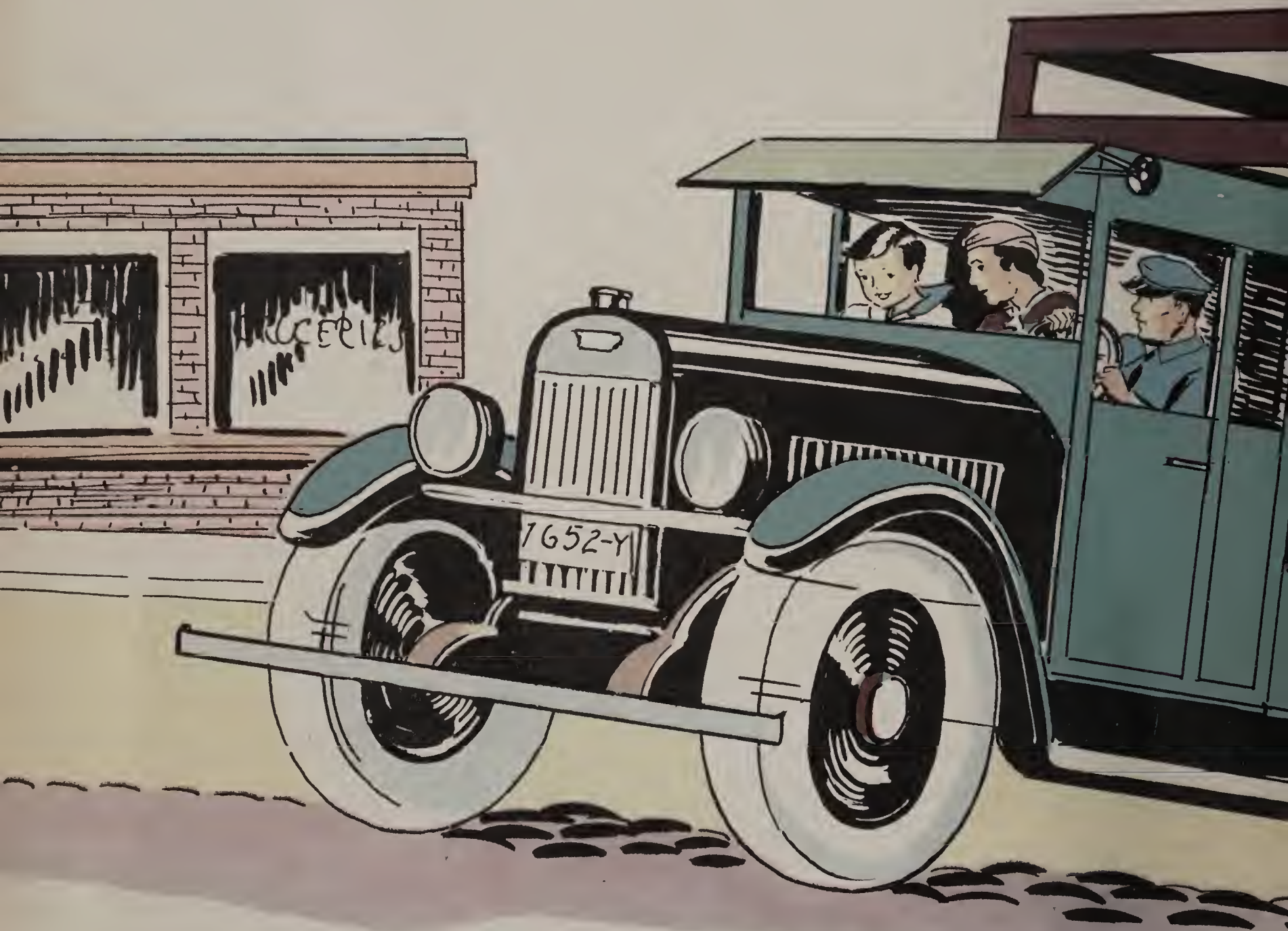
"O mister, may I ride on your truck?" Bobby asked the driver.

"Sure," answered the driver.

So Bobby climbed up on to the seat.

"You come on, too, mummy," he begged.

"No, no . . ." she said. But then she remembered. It was Bobby's turn to-day to tell what to do. So she





climbed up, too.

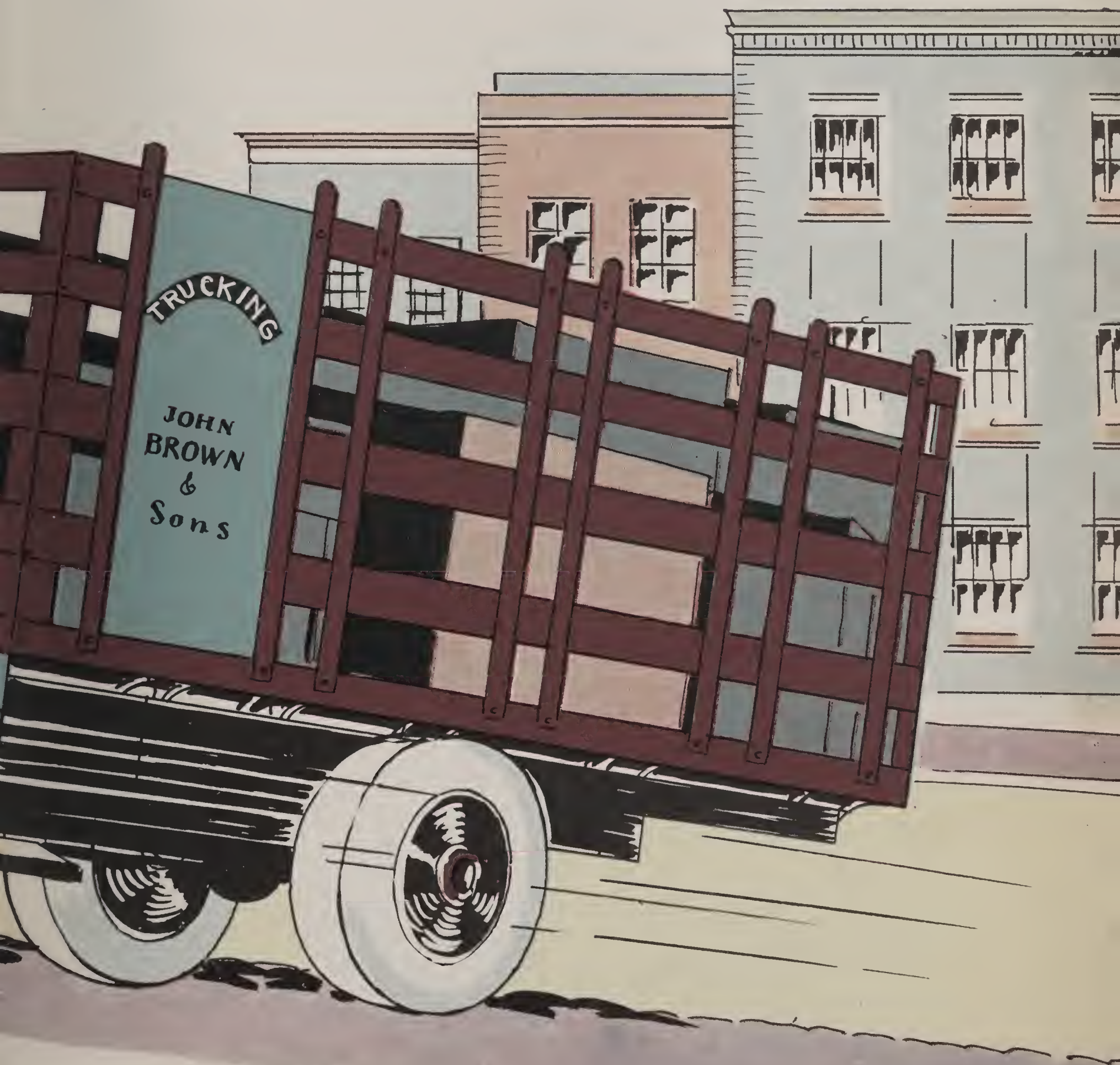
Rumble and roll. Rumble and roll. Rumble and rumble, the truck clattered down the street.

For miles and miles.

“What is that ahead?” asked Bobby.

“It is the ocean. And boats. And here we are at the dock.”

With that the truck STOPPED. And Bobby climbed off.





“Look!” said Bobby. “There!”

*There* beside the dock lay a large white boat with smokestacks.

“Two smokestacks!” cried Bobby.

The engines inside the boat were humming, throb-a-dob-ba, throb-a-dob-ba, throb-a-dob-ba, as if the boat were just ready to leave.

“Are you going?” Bobby asked a man in a white cap.

“We are only going a short way,” the man answered.





“We are pulling over to another dock.”

“Then mayn’t I go along?” asked Bobby.

“Of course you may,” laughed the man.

So Bobby crossed the gangplank on to the boat, with mother following after.

The boat slid away from the dock.

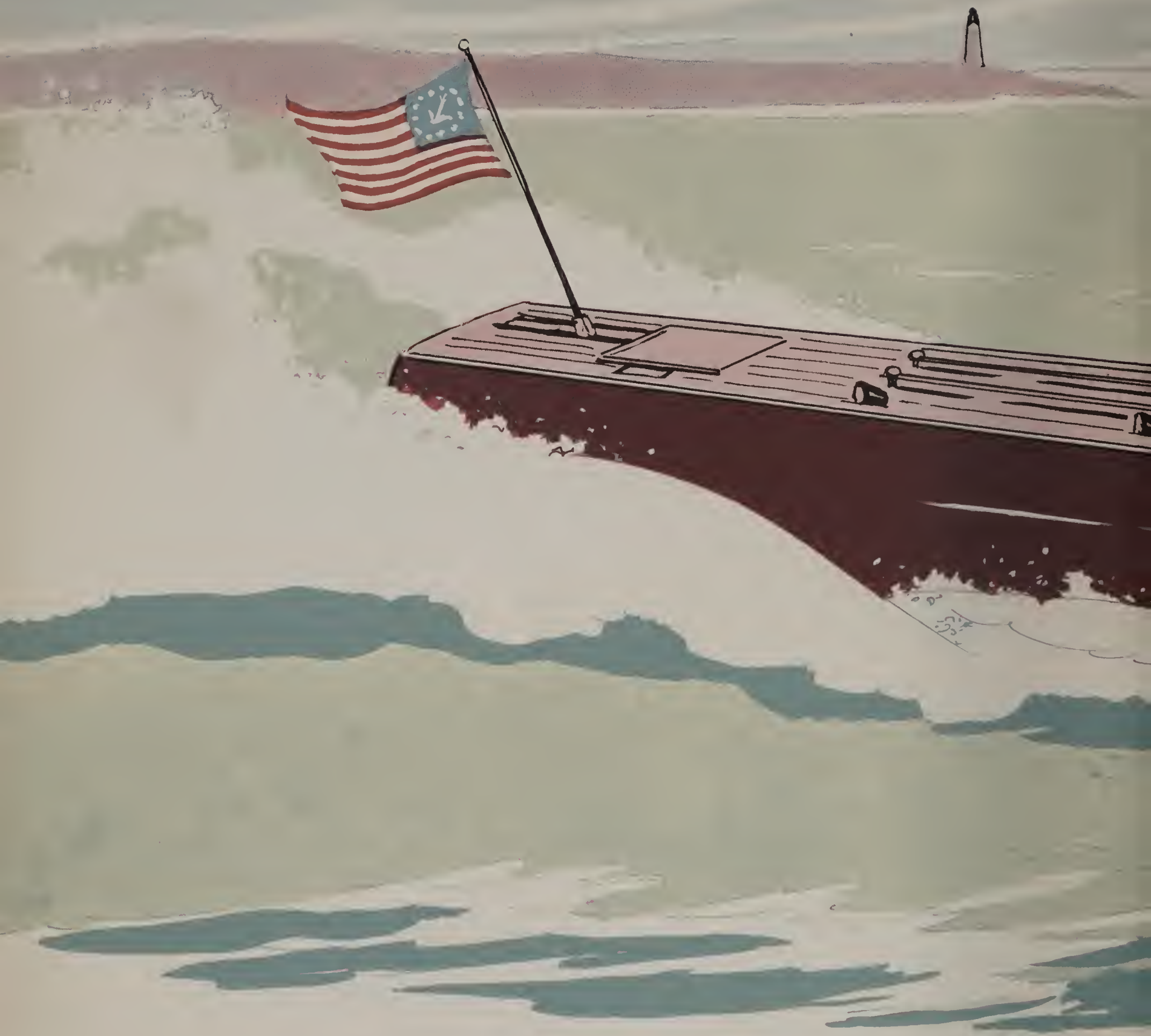
Slowly it slipped through the water.

Softly it sidled up against another dock.

“Not enough!” cried Bobby.

But the boat STOPPED. And Bobby walked off.





“**L**ook!” said Bobby. “There is a little motor boat. I must ride in it.”

So Bobby climbed in. And mother climbed in. And the man who ran the motor boat started it going.

Ssssss-put-ter, put-ta-put-ta-put, and a shower of white bubbles streamed out behind.

On bounced the motor boat, slapping its nose, plap-



plap, against the ocean's waves.  
On bounced the motor boat out  
toward the place where the sky and  
the sea came together.

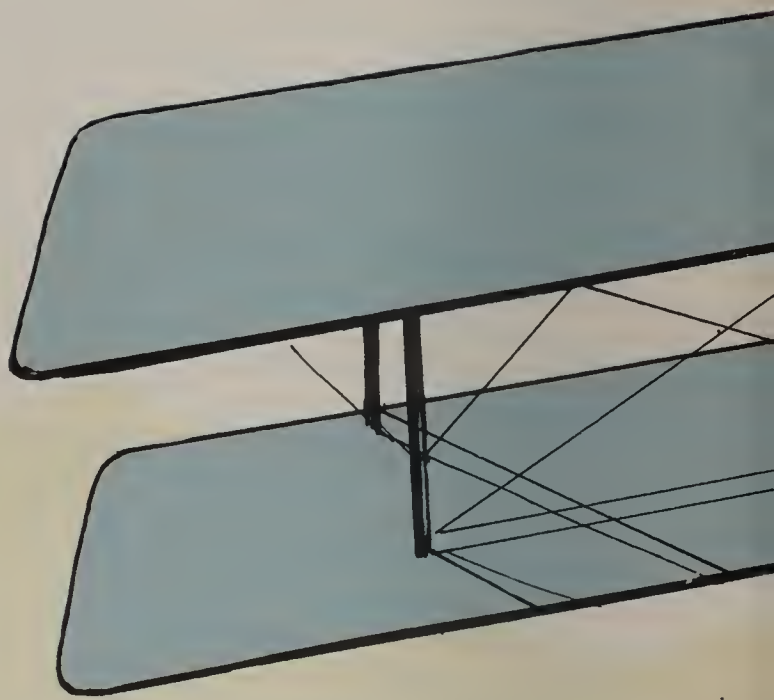
Around turned the motor boat. Put-ta-put-ta-put,  
plap-plap, back to shore.

Bobby said, "That was just enough."

The motor boat STOPPED. And Bobby climbed out.







Right in front of them lay an airport.  
“Look! There!” cried Bobby, for *there* on the field lay an airplane as blue as blue butterflies’ wings.

“I am going to ride in that airplane, I am,” sang Bobby, “if the pilot will give me a ride.”

The pilot said that he would.

So Bobby climbed in.

“Whwherrr,” whirled the propeller.



“Azzz-ooo-mmm,” sang the motor.

Up, up, and up.

Higher than the ships’ smokestacks. Higher than flagpoles. Higher than tall buildings. Higher than the white sea gulls. Higher than the cottony clouds.

Then down — down — and — down —

“Well,” said Bobby, “that will have to be enough.”

So the airplane STOPPED. And Bobby jumped *out*.





“**T**here! Look there,” laughed Bobby.

*There* a silver gray blimp lay swaying in the middle of the field.

“How I would like to ride in that!”

A man laughed. “Come on, young fellow,” he said.



“We are just going up.”

So Bobby climbed in.

Slowly the blimp rose up into the sky. Slowly it swam in the air like a silver gray fish. Slowly it sank down.

“Enough,” sighed Bobby.

And the blimp STOPPED. And Bobby was lifted *out*.





“**L**ook! Right there! Right over there!” cried Bobby. There not far from the airport was a station, and puffing and puffing in the station, a train stood waiting.

“Hurry, mum,” cried Bobby. “We must catch that train.”

So on to the train climbed Bobby, with mother following after.





Toot-toot, — ding-dong, ding-dong, chooooo, — a-  
chuh, a-chuh, a-chuh, a-chuh, the train started off.  
On and on, and on and on.  
Then it slowed down.  
“Just enough,” said Bobby.  
And the train STOPPED. And Bobby climbed *off*.





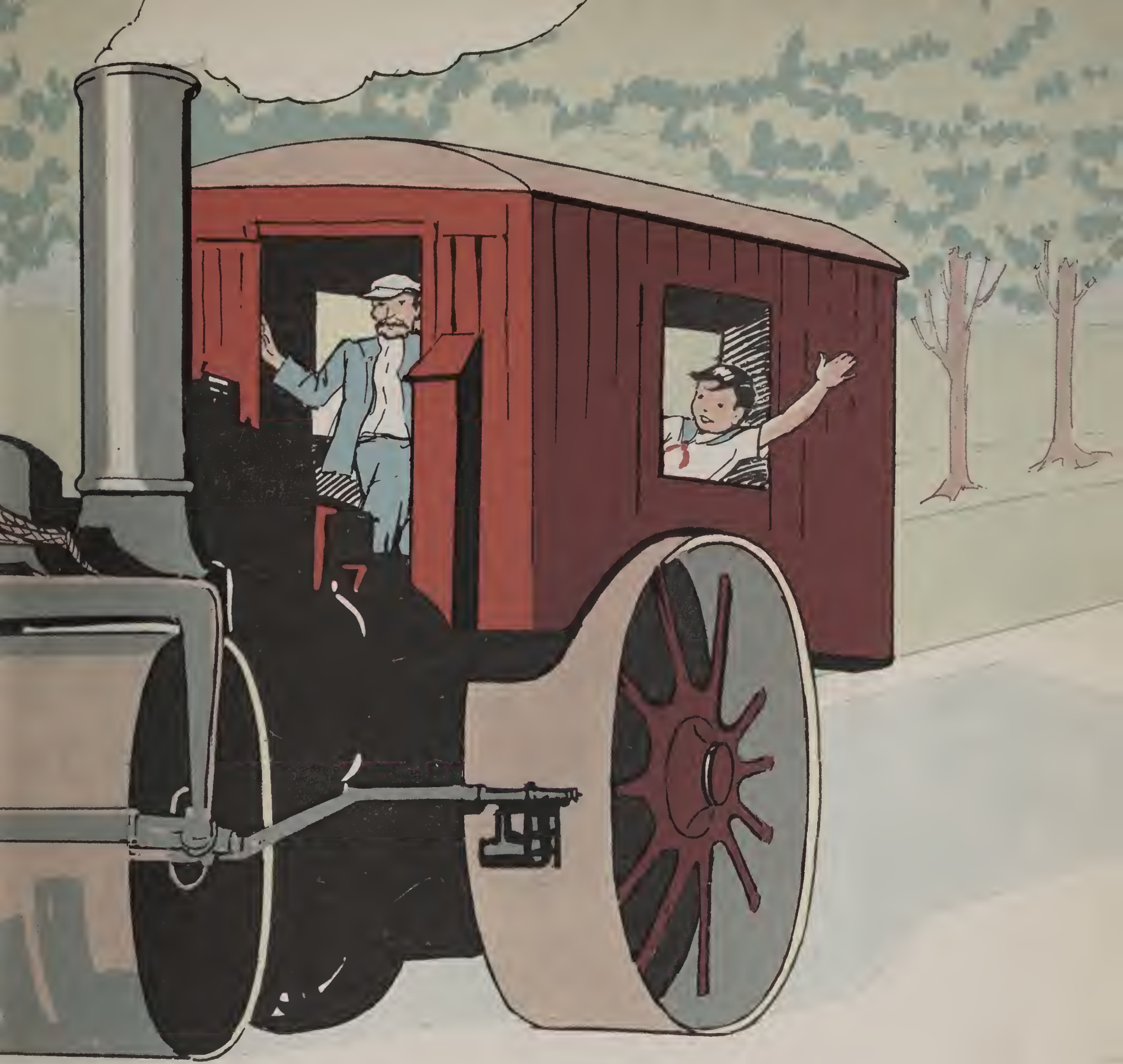
“**L**ook! There!” called Bobby, for *there* was a great steam roller, snorting and puffing and spouting out smoke.

“I *have* to ride on that!”

The steam roller man said, “All right.”

“Come on up, mummy, please. You come, too,” said Bobby.

Mother looked at her pink dress. She was going to say, “No!” Only then she remembered. It was Bobby’s turn



to tell what to do.

“My, my!” she clucked, “do I *have* to?”

“Well,” Bobby said, “I guess you can wait here for me.”

Mother was pleased.

And Bobby climbed up into the cab of the steam roller.

“Chug-ga chug, chug-ga chug, chug-ga chug,” it snorted.

Up the street. Down the street.

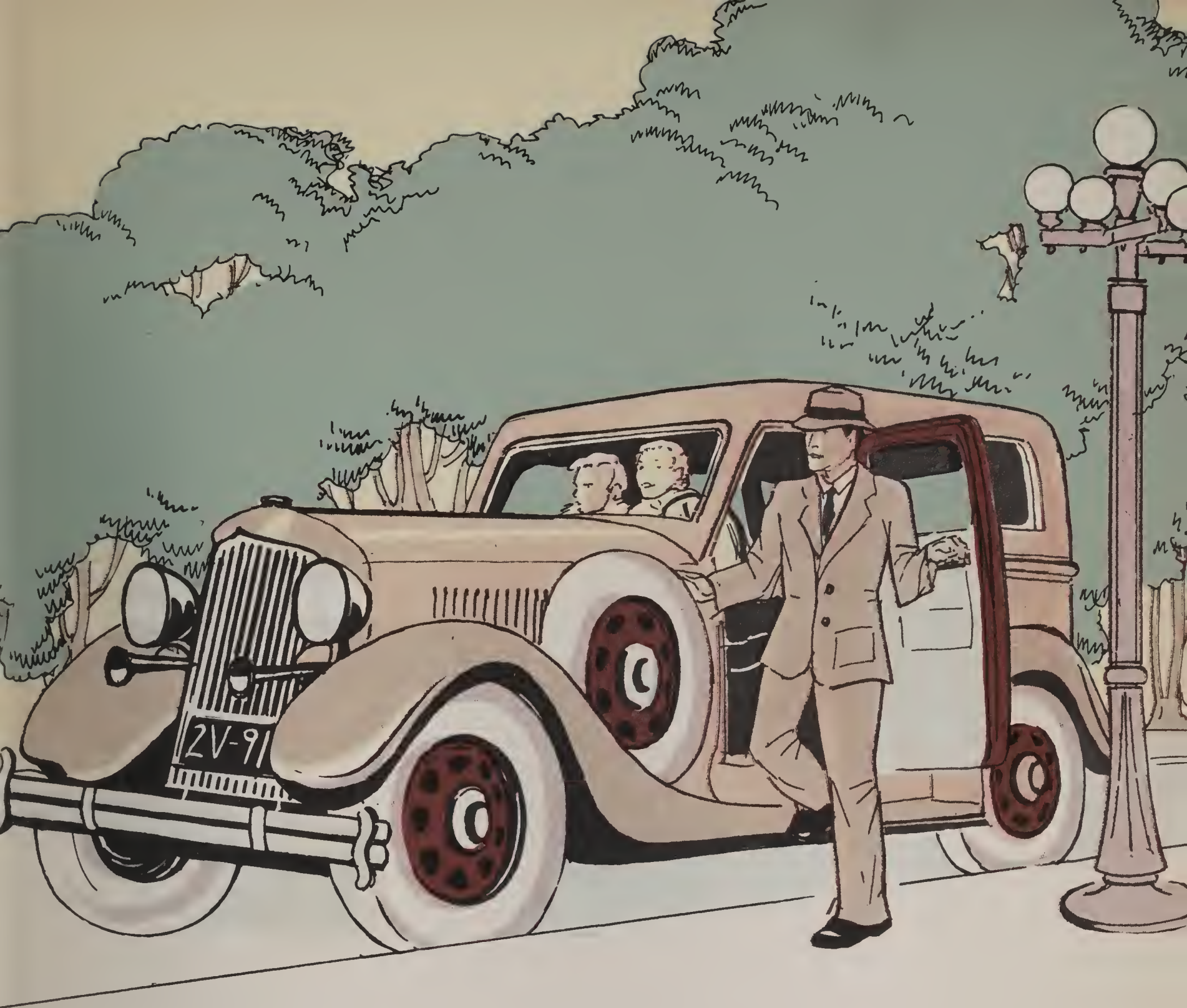
“Now,” said Bobby, “that’s enough.”

So the steam roller STOPPED. And Bobby climbed down.





**B**obby and mother stood on the corner.  
“Look! There!” Only this time it was mother who  
was calling out, “Look! There!”



*There* in a shiny tan automobile was Bobby's father, and Bobby's big brother, and Bobby's big sister, and the snub-nosed dog.

"We will ride home with them," said Bobby.  
So they did.











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